

[Written for the Indianapolis Sentinel.]  
META WOODRUF.

By Mrs. Addie Deltch Frank.

CHAPTER VI.  
The air is warm and sultry, and Flo says we are to have "one of dem disagreeable rainy Saturdays." All are up and at the breakfast table except Meta, who takes her breakfast in her room, as she is not yet able to rise so early. Flo looks her up a delicate little meal, and, all the time Meta was eating, talked to her of the new mistress.

"You will soon learn to like her, Flo," said Flo, "Missie, dat bairn's night, an' I has a notion ter tell yo' papie."

"What did she do, Flo?"

"Mor'n you'd think on. Last night when her com down ter supper I saw her go into de parlor, an', as I wanted to get a good look on her, I jes' stepped round to de winder, an' may de good Lawd he's up if she wasn't kisin' dat Mr. Braden."

"You are surely mistaken."

"Indeed I isn't. I is willin' to swear to it, an' I heard her say some one might see dem."

"Flo, I can not help but think there is some mistake about this. You must never breathe one word of this to any one. Remember now, I will trust you."

"You can, Miss Meta, as you has done many times afore."

"Help me to dress now; I am so tired of this bed, and papa will be anxious to have me down stairs," Meta said, only too glad to change the subject.

Flo did as her mistress bade her, and Meta was almost dressed when her father entered the room. He kissed her good morning and combed her hair, which clustered around her head in little golden ringlets. Gathering her up in his arms, he carried her down stairs into the library, where Mrs. Woodruff and her guest were, and deposited his light burden in his own easy chair.

"Now, my darling, you are to remain here with me all day. Mind now, do not ask to leave me."

"Dear papa, how kind you are to insist such an agreeable punishment upon me—so much like your old self. Good morning, Mr. Braden; I am glad you are present as a witness of my father's kindness." She also said good morning to Lina, but after that had nothing more to say to her.

"You are indeed fortunate, Miss Woodruff, in having such a good father. I must acknowledge a certain weakness myself, in regard to him; it is that of learning to honor, respect and almost love him in the short time I have known him."

"Ah, Braden, I am a man and do not like to be flattered. I leave that for our opposite sex," Mr. Woodruff said, laughing.

"Papa, I belong to the sex you speak of and feel highly insulted at your sarcastic thrusts at us."

"And I, too, uncle, am not in the best of humor over your remark; yet I am in doubt as to whether you meant this for the truth or to provoke an argument."

"I must say, that if it was for the latter purpose, you have accepted it very readily. What have you to say, Lina?" he said, addressing his wife, who had been very quiet.

"Nothing, Clive, as I see the young ladies need no assistance."

"Can it be possible that you, a woman, have refused to defend your own sex?"

"If it were necessary, you would find me equal to the emergency, as it is I decline saying anything. But if you will allow me to say a word for the defense of a friend, I will say that Mr. Braden is not a man given to flattery."

"Thank you, Lina; you see, a friend in need is a friend indeed, such as you have proven yourself to be to me," Arthur said, taking her hand and imprinting a kiss upon it.

"Mr. Braden, traveling in a foreign land has surely been of great benefit to you, as in this country we find few gentlemen who prove themselves so gallant to married ladies as to kiss their hand," Meta said as she gazed into Lina's face.

"Perhaps you are right, or perhaps it is because I feel more at ease with married ladies, for I am very shy in the presence of beautiful young ladies," Arthur said.

"I pity you, sir, and only hope you may soon overcome that shyness, for I dare say that is the reason you are still unmarried. Now take my advice and have as little to do with married ladies as possible, for if you should fall in love with one of them, it would ruin both yourself and the lady. Not only with her husband and family, but in the eyes of the whole world, and to lose the love and respect of your fellow-beings is to lose all earthly happiness, and you can only wait for death to relieve you."

"Why, Meta, how earnestly you talk; one would think that you knew of such a case," said Mr. Woodruff.

"Oh, papa! how ridiculous, yet perhaps there is some truth in it."

"Miss Woodruff, I am glad you have talked so freely to me on this subject, and thank you very much for your advice; but whether it will prove beneficial to me or not, remains for the future to tell." He looked away from Lina, for he knew that to catch one glance of her eyes would be to reveal her secret. Mrs. Woodruff's face was flushed and her eyelids drooped. She could not look into the face of the innocent girl, who had, unknown to Lina, discovered her secret. Meta seemed unwilling to let the subject drop.

"The future, Mr. Braden, is ours to make it what we please."

"I disagree with you, Miss Woodruff; nothing but the past and present are ours; the future belongs to God."

"I acknowledge you are right in that, and yet I was not altogether wrong, for if we are to be happy to-morrow, we must do right to-day. Am I not right, papa?"

"Yes, I think you are, for in an unguarded moment you may sow the seed of that which for years, and perhaps, as long as life lasts, we may reap the wretched harvest. There is Jack with the mail. One letter for you, Gertrude; the same for Meta, and ever so many for myself."

Gertrude and Meta opened their letters and soon devoured the contents. While Lina Woodruff watched Meta's happy, flushed face, and resolved then and there to put an end to that happiness.

"Well, Gertrude, I suppose your letter is from home; how are your mother and brother?" asked Mr. Woodruff.

"Quite well, uncle; he is not often the case with mamma. But Hal is always well, and full of mischief. I would so dearly know him, he is so handsome."

"Is he coming out to see us soon, Gertrude?" asked Meta.

"I think so; at least he says he hopes to be able to spend a few days with us."

"Oh, how delightful that will be. When you write to him, give him my love. Say that I can scarcely wait to see him, and that he must leave all his books at home, for he will have no time to study, as I mean to

take up all his time with riding, fishing, and hunting."

"And who is your letter from, Meta?" asked her father. "Ah, little one, you need not answer; your blushes tell enough. But where are they now?"

"They are in Italy, papa, enjoying the beautiful scenery. How I should like to be with them in that glorious country." She did not offer to let him read Eugene's letter, for it was written for her eyes alone. Eugene had never mentioned in any of his letters one word concerning his beautiful cousin, and it made her feel the least bit disappointed.

"Your wish shall be granted, my darling, before many months have passed by; but you will have to accept my escort. I have always had a desire to visit Italy, and I shall avail myself of the first opportunity to do so."

Mrs. Woodruff had been listening very attentively to all that Meta had said, and as her husband said he had business letters to write, and Meta and Gertrude were going to answer their letters at once, she asked Arthur to accompany her to the drawing-room, as she must have some music.

"I will soon be through this task, Lina; do not be gone long. Braden, be careful of her."

"You can trust me for that, sir," Arthur said, and they both left the room. One of them at least, was only too glad to escape from those in whose society she could find no pleasure. Entering the drawing-room, Arthur placed his arms around the waist of the woman he almost worshipped, and led her to the piano. Lina sat down and sang to him some of the old familiar songs she used to sing when they were first engaged. It is strange that this man who had backed on the wings of time to those happy days, now except that he was alone with the woman he loved; with Lina Mason, the fair girl of other days. He did not hear the door open and close again, and forgot that it was another man's wife he was pressing so closely to his heart. But the door did open, and a black woolly head was thrust in for an instant and as quickly withdrawn.

There was a loud rap at the door, and Arthur, recalled to his senses by it, released Lina from his embrace and opened the door. It was only Flo, who had come to receive orders from Mrs. Woodruff for dinner.

"I am quite sure, Flo, that I had better leave this matter to Miss Gertrude or Meta, for a few days," Lina said, nervously.

"Guess not, 'cause dey has bef' declined de honah. Dey don't believe in mindin' nder folks business," answered the saucy girl.

"Suppose, then, I leave it to you?"

"Oh, no, Miss Meta, dat am outen my line ob business; dressin' maids don't generally make good cooks. Thank you, mam, but I must also decline de honah."

"Arthur, I appeal to you in selecting a bill of fare for dinner. It is only natural that I should feel a little timid in doing this for the first time."

"They both went to work, and soon handed Flo a long list.

"Am dis all, Missus?" asked Flo, with a merry twinkle in her black eyes.

"Yes, I think if you fill out that list you will find it sufficient. If you wish to see me again, you will find me in the library."

Flo, almost bursting with laughter, sped away to the kitchen. Seating herself in a window, she began to read the bill of fare to Aunt Sue, the cook.

"May de good Lawd he's up, honey! Do dat ole gurness 'spec' 'is gwine ter cook all dat to dey? Why, Flo, it would take me all day to day, an' de mos' on to-morrow. Oh, no, she can't come dat on Sue!"

"Look heah, Aunt Sue, you mus' do as she say, less she'll turn yer off. Whoopie, but hain't she a stunner?"

"Et twain't fo' Miss Meta I'd leave heah dis minit! I tell you what am de matter, Flo, I is gwine ter suit ole Susan 'bout dis dinah. To much am to much."

Mrs. Woodruff and Arthur returned to the library, where they found Meta and her sister sitting very close together. They had finished writing their letters, and were engaged in rather animated conversation. As Lina entered the room she noticed how happy they were. It seemed to her that her husband cared very little whether she was with him or not, since he had Meta again. She would make him care, and thought how wrong it had been in her to allow them alone together so long. This should be the very last time.

Arthur also noticed Meta's happy face, but his thoughts were quite different from Lina's. He thought how beautiful she was, her face flushed with excitement, her dark eyes sparkling and a crown of golden ringlets on a queenly little head, leaning back in a chair of bright blue velvet.

It was raining very hard, and everything looked dreary. Time dragged along slowly with the inmates of Woodruff Hall. It seemed as if night would never come, and when it did, Mr. Woodruff, followed by Gertrude, carried Meta to her room, leaving Lina and Arthur alone again. A long silence ensued.

"To-morrow being Sunday, you will of course attend church with your husband?" Arthur said, breaking the silence.

"Certainly shall do so no thing. I do not like being stared at and criticized, as I most assuredly should be by Clive's friends."

"What if he insists upon your going?"

"I shall complain of a severe headache in the morning and lie in bed until after church time. Do you know, Arthur, that I have always disliked to attend church?"

"Then you are different from most of your sex, and I am glad to hear you acknowledge the truth to me. Yet, Lina, I rather like to see a lady religious; it is rather becoming to them. Many years ago, when my mother was alive, she used to take me on her knee at night and have me repeat a short prayer before retiring, and before breakfast I repeated the Lord's Prayer. Those were happy days, days long to be remembered."

"I have no such fond remembrance of my early childhood, as my parents both died when I was quite young. My aunt, with whom I made my home, was very cross, and until I met you, my dear Arthur, I had never known what it was to receive a loving word or caress."

"Well, that made up for lost time, did it not, darling?"

"It might have made up for the past, but not for the future."

"Your future is well provided for by a good, loving husband."

"Listen, Arthur; I am sure I heard some one at the window, and I believe I saw Flo's face."

"You are nervous, Lina. Come, kiss me good night; I am going to my room before your husband returns."

"I am going to mine also, as Clive may not return for some time, if you will be so kind as to escort me."

"Clive might not like it, Lina."

"Does he always do that which pleases me most? I am studying my own pleasure."

"Last night Lina Woodruff ascended the stairs with her husband and lover; to-night, with her lover alone. He did not leave her at her door, but entered her cozy sitting-room."

"You are always welcome here, Arthur; no one, not even my husband, dare disturb me when I am here, without permission. You must go now; he will be here soon."

"Lina, instead of driving me from you, you draw me nearer and nearer. It seems as if you have some unseen and unknown power over me. I try, but I can not break the spell, and it is well to be your home, I see no escape for me. I must follow good night."

Where was the man who would not do just

exactly what Arthur Braden was doing, when they love a woman as he did Lina Mason? They may be satisfied and happy as long as the infatuation lasts, for such it undoubtedly is, but they will soon become disgusted.

Yet, let a man fall ever so low, the world will forgive him, a helping hand will be extended to him, and he will yet have a chance to become an honor to himself and to society. How is it with women who do as Lina Woodruff was doing? If the world finds it out, she is shunned as if she were a leper. Every tongue is turned against her, and if she tries to reform, she can not. She must have some one to associate with, and as honorable ladies will not recognize her, or would not be allowed to by their husbands, fathers or brothers if they wanted to, she becomes discouraged and sinks lower and lower until she is lost to the world entirely. The grave is her only safe refuge.

Why is this great difference shown between man and woman? It surely will not be so in Heaven, and I believe the day will come when it will not be so here on earth. God grant that the day may not be far off!

Arthur Braden, almost bewildered by that which he had heard and said himself, hastened to his room, as he drew near the stairs he met Mr. Woodruff, who was very much surprised to see him coming from his wife's apartments.

"What does this mean, Arthur Braden? Your room is here, not at the other end of the hall."

"I am aware of that fact, sir; allow me to explain. Your wife became tired of waiting for you, and asked me to escort her to her room. I had no choice but to do as she wished."

"I beg your pardon, Arthur, and hope you will forget my rudeness. Good night. He entered his room and found his wife reading.

"What are you reading, Lina, that is so interesting as to make you forget I am here?"

"It is very interesting. I assure you. I am very tired and think I shall rest."

"You have not told me yet how you like your new home, dear wife?"

"It is not new to me, except in the way of being its mistress. Do you know, Clive, I would be much happier if we were all alone."

"I do not see how that could be. I should feel very sorry if Gertrude should leave us just now, as she is so much company for Meta."

"Do you not think that a change of climate would be of great benefit in restoring Meta's health?"

"I do not think she could find a better climate than this. Here she has the fresh country air and sea breeze. What more is needed? beside I should have to accompany her."

"I do not see why that should be necessary."

"Do you think I would send my child away alone?" he interrupted.

"Oh! nonsense. I am sure it would not hurt her; you treat her like a baby."

"She is all—"

"Stop; am I nothing to you?" she asked, angrily.

"You are my wife, she my only child. I think you are one as much to me as the other."

Lina said no more, but turned and entered her bedroom. She was angry and her hand knew it. Following her he placed his arm around her, drew her to his breast and kissed her flushed cheeks.

"Come, Lina, my wife and I must be friends always. No cloud must be allowed to hover around or between us if we expect to be happy."

(CONTINUED IN TO-MORROW'S SENTINEL.)

**Cream Rice Cake.**—Whites of ten eggs, beaten to a standing froth, one cup of butter creamed with sugar, three cups of powdered sugar, one small cup of sweet cream, nearly five cups of prepared flour. Vanilla flavoring and liquid cochineal. Stir the cream, into which put a pinch of soda, into the butter and sugar. Beat five minutes until the mixture is like whipped cream. Flavor with vanilla, and put in dry turns the whites and the flour. Color a fine pink with cochineal. Bake in four jelly cake tins. When cold spread with filling—one and one-half cocoanuts, pared and grated, whites of four eggs whisked stiff, one and one-half cups of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of sweet rose water. Heap the cake after it is filled with the white mixture, beating more sugar into that part intended for the frosting. The cochineal is perfectly harmless, and can be prepared by any druggist in liquid form, a few drops of which will suffice to color cakes, or you can get it pulverized, and wetting it with a very small quantity of water, strain it, adding it drop by drop as you stir your cake until you get the required tint.

**Cocoanut and Almond Cake.**—Two and one-half cups of powdered sugar, one cup of butter, four cups of prepared flour, whites of seven eggs whisked stiff, one small cup of milk with a mere pinch of soda, one grated cocoanut, one half teaspoonful of nutmeg, juice and half the grated peel of one lemon, cream, butter and sugar; stir in lemon and nutmeg; mix well, add the milk and whites and flour alternately; lastly, stir in the grated cocoanut swiftly and lightly; bake in four jelly-cake tins.

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**Rich Coffee Cake.**—Two cups of butter, three of sugar, one of molasses, one of very strong coffee, one of cream or rich milk, the yolks of eight eggs, one pound each of raisins and currants, one-half pound of citron, the same of figs, and five cups of brown flour after it is stirred. Put the flour in the oven until a rich brown, being careful not to burn it. When cold mix with it three tablespoonfuls of good baking powder and a little salt. Cut the figs in long strips, dredge all the fruit with flour, beat the cake well up, and bake in moderate oven from four to five hours.

An important fact that should not be overlooked in reading the thousands of testimonials to the value and worth of Mischler's Herb Bitters is that they come from people of well-known character and discretion. John G. Wrestling, of the Mount Alto Iron Works, Mount Alto, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, writes: "For eighteen months I suffered agony with fever and ague. The use of Mischler's Herb Bitters has had the happiest effect."

**Favorite Spice Cake.**—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of cloves, and three cups of flour.

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(CONTINUED IN TO-MORROW'S SENTINEL.)

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